

Daily Eagle

H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

"The Best Beloved President."

The opponents of expansion, as also the Democratic leaders, have been congratulating each other that the opposition of Senator Hoar to expansion was going to give the president a black eye personally and weaken his popularity with the people. Mr. Hoar, in almost his opening sentence, deprived the anti-imperialists of all satisfaction in such direction. Mr. Hoar referred to Mr. McKinley as the "best beloved president who ever sat in the chair of Washington." Later on he declared that he did not hope for the accomplishment of "anything for liberty in the Philippine Islands but through the Republican party. Upon it the fate of these islands for years to come is to depend. I can not look with any favor upon Mr. Bryan as an alternative."

Senator Hoar is not nor never was a mugwump. That he is opposed to expansion is true, but he is a Republican, and he rather implores than scolds his party. At the recent meeting of "anti-imperialists" in Philadelphia the venerable senator was criticized because, while he could make a good anti-expansion speech he would probably vote for the re-election of McKinley. That exposes the political scheme back of the anti-expansion movement as a whole—a scheme with which, every friend of the administration will be glad to know, Senator Hoar has nothing to do.

Long, Simpson and Campbell.

The situation in the Seventh district ought not to be misunderstood. The split at Great Bend and the nomination of two candidates, a Democrat and a Populist, is calculated to mislead the casual observer. At the November election there will be but one candidate and that candidate will be I. P. Campbell, the Populist candidate. A survey of a few leading facts will satisfy any casual observer that this will be the outcome. Mr. Long and his committee may as well direct their attention to this feature of the campaign, for nothing but unreasoning and inexorable obstinacy of the Democrats will prevent this condition from happening.

What are the facts? In 1899 the alliance nominated Jerry Simpson and he was endorsed by the Democrats. He won. Since then he has been classed as a Populist, but in all essentials he has been a Democrat. He has been a Demo-Populist, and as long as he wanted the nomination from this district he was supported by the Democrats. His real enemies were in the Populist and not in the Democratic party. All talk about the Democrats of the district having made sacrifices for Simpson on account of his being a Populist is bosh. Simpson has always been the choice of the Democrats over men in their own party. Whatever be the cause Jerry Simpson could always reckon upon the support of the Democrats to nominate him.

In this district there will be polled in round numbers 55,000 votes. Divide this vote into two equal parts, 27,500 Republican and 27,500 fusion, and there is an estimate not far from the fact. Divide the fusion vote into 21,000 Populists and 6,500 Democrats and again the fact is closely approached. Now the practical side of fusion is not a matter of principle but a mere business of a division of the spoils. Viewed from the standpoint of a mere political combine what ought the 21,000 Populists and the 6,500 Democrats expect. Aside from the fact that the Democrats made no sacrifice in the repeated nominations of Jerry Simpson the 6,500 Democrats of this district have received full and ample compensation for their support of Mr. Simpson as a Populist. In 1892 the indirect support of Cleveland by Populists made it possible to fill all the postoffices in the district with Democrats. In 1896 the Populist support of Bryan brought within the range of possibility like patronage to this district, all of which would go to Democrats and nothing to Populists. In this year of 1900 the Populists are again supporting Bryan and in case of his election will expect the postoffice and other patronage, not a particle of which will go to Populists. What more have the 6,500 of the district the right or reason to ask for?

Those are some of the facts. They point to the conclusion that the Populists have the right of this matter and will never recede. The hope that Mr. Bryan will interfere in the matter and offer Mr. Campbell a place in case Mr. Campbell withdraws and in the event of Mr. Bryan's election is not founded on any good reason. It would be as much of a bargain and sale as though Mr. Bryan were to offer Mr. Campbell so much money to withdraw. This Mr. Campbell and his Populist friends would resent. Whatever may be said of I. P. Campbell he can not be corrupted by an offer of that sort; and the Populists of this district would not stand it if he were. If such a scheme were known to be effected this district can be relied upon to give Chester I. Long a majority of 10,000 votes.

Mr. Bryan can not deal with Mr. Campbell. If the Democrats do not resent it as the officious interference of out-side bossism Mr. Bryan may clear the field for Mr. Campbell. When Mr. Bryan understands the facts that much he should do. He is in duty bound to do that much for his Populist supporters in this district. It may be assumed that he will do that much. He will advise Mr. Duval to get out of Mr. Campbell's way. If he does not do this much in fairness he will lose Populist support. He will do it. Chester I. Long must beat I. P. Campbell. Mark that.

The Meaning of the Vast Work.

The fact of America's conceded superiority is traceable to her systematic census tables which in the next census are to be more comprehensive than ever before. The enumeration of the population is but one of the details of the work. That the population will show above the 100,000,000 mark there is little doubt. Able men have made the estimate that the present population of this country is about 72,000,000. One statistician has put the mark at 77,000,000, but the actual population, it is generally thought, will probably be found somewhere between the figures. The population of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,881; in 1820, 12,866,020; in 1850, 23,191,876; in 1870, 38,558,871; in 1890, 62,946,783, and in 1899, 72,000,000.

Primarily a census was taken in the United States by the marshals for the purpose of determining the proper representation in congress for the various states. Now its scope has been enlarged, until it embraces the most far reaching purposes of political economy and the general welfare. The new enumeration, for which the most extensive preparations are now being made, will deal chiefly with population, vital statistics, manufacturing and agricultural industries. Some idea of the thoroughness of the work may be formed when it is stated that if the 100-

000,000 cards to be filled out by the enumerators were to be counted by one man it would take him five years, working day and night, to do it. They will weigh upwards of 200 tons, and piled one on top of the other they would make a stack over nine miles high, or manipulating the various information contained on these cards, computing and tabulating machines having almost human intelligence have been invented.

The Democrats Didn't Hoodoo the Pops.

The Leavenworth Times, in reviewing the result of the fusion row at Great Bend and spirit which precipitated it, says that "the strife was simply due to the contending desire for office. Conference committees and everything else failed to harmonize the parties, though Jerry Simpson, once the idol of the Seventh district Populists, had been working with might and main for the Democratic nominee. Before adjourning, the Populist convention authorized its executive committee to try to find a way of fusion, to be effected only with the consent of the candidate already nominated, but the Democratic convention indignantly rejected a proposition to take similar action."

The Lawrence Journal, coinciding with the Times, says that "a personal acquaintance of twenty years with Mr. I. P. Campbell, the nominee of the Populists in the Seventh district, justifies the Journal in making the declaration that if anybody gets off the track it will be the other man. There are not horses and oxen enough in the whole Seventh district to pull Campbell off. He is one of the hardest men on earth to run a bluff on."

The latest rumor is to the effect that a compromise attempt will be made to patch the matter up by the withdrawal of both Campbell and Duval and the substitution of Amidon. But, as the editor of the Lawrence Journal observes, it will be found a difficult matter to make a monkey of Campbell.

A Bounding Booming Export Trade.

The longer the Republican party remains in power the more our export trade booms. No march in our annals shows such tremendous exportations as does March last. They foot up a total of \$134,313,348—more than \$30,000,000 in excess of the corresponding month of last year and more than double the aggregate recorded for March, 1899. Only in December, 1898, was this showing as to total exportation surpassed.

It seems already evident that our exports for the financial year will reach record-breaking figures this year, since for the nine months of the fiscal year for which the data have already been collected the total exports are \$105,000,000 greater than those of the corresponding months of any preceding year.

A total of \$1,300,000,000 is counted upon as the value of American exports when the year's accounts are closed up, and of this sum at least \$400,000,000 will be credited to American manufactures. Of a truth we are living in days of expansion and in more senses than one.

The Prospects of the Wheat Crop.

Anent the proposition of the Minnesotans to form a farmer's trust for limiting wheat production, the experts of the grain trade are looking up the status of the oncoming crop in this country. These estimate that the yield of winter wheat will aggregate 400,000,000 bushels this year. That will be very near a record crop, and if the spring wheat region of the Northwest does equally well we shall be prepared to furnish a very large part of the needs of all European countries which do not grow wheat enough for their own use. As the Argentine republic is steadily becoming a greater factor in the grain trade of the world, the outlook is for exceedingly abundant supplies all over the civilized world, and the startling time predicted by certain dismal statisticians who lack faith in the resources of nature and man alike, when the world is to be forced to get along with only a meager allowance of food in general and not nearly as much wheat bread as it will want, is likely to seem more distant than usual. Upon the other hand the chances of cutting down the acreage are ephemeral. The American farmer finds his best show for a good price for his wheat as a rule is in crop failure on the other hemisphere or in a war.

Poor Reading for the Other Fellow.

Here are a couple of shots close home for the people of Kansas. The Burlington Republican says that within the past six months the price of corn has advanced one-third. Four years ago the Bryanite orators and newspaper men were hysterically insisting that if McKinley was elected corn would go down to less than ten cents a bushel and would not pay the cost of raising. The Iowa Register says that four years ago President Cleveland had to pay a New York syndicate eleven million dollars to float government bonds bearing four per cent interest, while this year the city of Iowa will sell four per cent bonds at ten per cent above par. It makes a difference what party runs the government.

Dewey says he never declared that a Democrat in time of war was a damned traitor and in time of peace a damned fool. This is Dewey's first lesson in politics—to deny.

After June 1 cock-fighting will be prohibited on the island of Cuba. This will lead soon to the sport, just as prohibitory laws help pugilism in our own land.

General Roberts will have to maintain a line of communication behind him when he advances and the Boers will not do a thing to that line.

The sultan doesn't know what he is up against. President McKinley will not be as slow in going after Turkey as he was in going after Spain.

If the sultan will turn back the pages of history two or three and think of Dewey in the harbor of Manila, he will fork that \$30,000 over.

Apparently General Gomez of Cuba has settled down to wait out of courtesy to see just how long those Americans intend to stay.

We will not only sever diplomatic relations with Turkey but we will sever that \$50,000 from the sultan if we go after it.

The next campaign may find us in war with the Sultan and the Democrats valiantly standing by the Turks.

The sultan, if he is in favor of his own scalp, will ladle out no procrastination to the United States.

Maternity can not be relieved for many weeks yet. By this time hunger in that town is a habit.

The population of Cuba is a million and a half—not as big as that of Chicago.

Cuba will have her elections June 16, and then will go to quarrelling again.

Lord Roberts remains formidable, as all men are who make haste slowly.

Speaking of hairs, the Republican party in Alabama has been split.

The sultan will come down with the cash, or we may expand again.

Incarceration of Aunt Charette.

They had raided Aunt Charette. In answer to a letter from the respectable element in Fort Kent the officers had come up there and had swooped on the liquor dealers. And chief among the liquor dealers was Aunt Charette. In fact, she was the local wholesaler. She was thrifty, was Aunt Charette. She had credit. She could roll in \$500 worth of "morsen," or white rum, at one time.

And she always knew whether to live or refuse credit. All sorts of queer accounts had she scattered all over the countryside. Uncle Charette was a silent partner in the firm. He used to tell the priest that he had tried and tried to induce Aunt Charette to give up the business of selling liquor. Still, Uncle Charette had discovered years before that he would not have to go into the liquor business any more; that there was always spare change for him to buy his tobacco; that he was never asked to earn any money for the groceries. Two years ago Aunt Charette purchased new wool trousers of Canadian gray. As for his long-tailed coat, Uncle Charette seemed unable to get the reason for the reason for the time he went about in his shirt sleeves.

When the officers came riding up to the door on a big sled drawn by two horses and ran without knocking, Aunt Charette clung to the arms of her chair.

"Bon Dieu! What ees eet?" she cried.

"Aunt Charette, you've been complained against," said the local deputy sheriff, and we got to take what stuff you've got in the premises. I suppose it's all in the lean-to, as usual."

When the discovery is made in prohibition Maine that there is liquor selling in a community the local deputy usually well acquainted with the location of all the liquor depots.

"I!" screamed Aunt Charette, but in some way she managed to get out of the room. "I get ma palmrest from dat man—wat re' call heem, de county clerk here—here—here—he be, and with trembling hand she poked under the deputy's nose the receipt showing that she had paid a fine at the last term of court. She insisted that it was a permit to sell liquor. Aunt Charette believed that it was.

"I hadn't got nothing to do with that," said the deputy. "I've got a search warrant, and I'm ordered to search and seize."

He ducked past and started for the lean-to. And Aunt Charette, her keys jangling, her hands upraised, her tongue flying like a shuttle, followed on his heels. Uncle Charette sat wholly silent in a corner. The only sign of emotion he displayed was to blink every thirty seconds. So absolutely impudently was he that I, unseen, took his photograph in a twenty-second exposure, and there was a smooch on the negative.

Aunt Charette protested against opening the door. The deputy, with one blow of his boot, shattered the lock. Then he and his men rolled out the barrels and the kegs. The men, Aunt Charette, as they laid their hands on each article, screamed: "Ah, mon Dieu! Non! Non! You've taken enough! Leave dat wint—leave dat wint!"

But the officers were inexorable. They rolled everything out. They had to send for another sled. There were loads for two heavy teams. The last man to go out was the deputy with a bag, the last he could find. He had dug out the remotest corner.

Aunt Charette stood at the door until the teams disappeared in the dusk far down the street.

A rough inventory at the storehouse that evening indicated that Aunt Charette had lost the worth of liquor in stock.

The officers left word that Aunt Charette must be at the office of the local trial justice the next forenoon at 9 a. m.

At 8 o'clock Uncle Charette came her down out of the old-fashioned chair on to the platform before the justice's office. It was a slow and tedious job, for Aunt Charette's disposition was to dress in most unbecoming fashion. She was arrayed in her best black dress. Uncle Charette—this being a state occasion—had on his long-tailed black coat. The faces of both were perfectly expressionless. Evidently Aunt Charette had exhausted all her emotion the afternoon before.

They sat side by side in the justice's office, mute, never moving, never even turning their heads while all the other cases of seizure were disposed of.

And been a wholesale dealer through the village. All the men and women who had been raided owed money to Aunt Charette. All gave bonds to appear at all such court cases.

"Well, Mrs. Charette," said the justice, "you are charged with single sale, with nuisance, and keeping a tipping shop. Have you any lawyer here or any defense to put in?"

To the surprise of all, Uncle Charette, who had been all these years the silent partner in this firm, was the one to speak.

"She have no lawyer," said he; "she have nought to say."

"Well, I shall have to impose fines amounting to about \$500 on her," said the justice. Aunt Charette rasped—that was all. Uncle Charette said nothing.

"You appeal, don't you?" asked the justice. "I know you can appeal and give bonds and then your wife won't have to go to jail. You will also have time to let money collected to pay the fine."

"We don't do nought," said Aunt Charette, doggedly.

"What do you mean to say that you are going to let your wife go down to jail?" cried the justice. "If she doesn't pay or give bonds she'll have to go to jail and await the sitting of the court. That is two months off. Then she will have still more time to serve in carrying out the most of a year. Aunt Charette has been a good wife to you, Uncle Charette. You must stand up for her name. All you have to do is to sign her bonds and then she can stay here till court sits. And by that time you will have a chance to talk this thing over with your friends. I'll make out the bond."

"No," declared Uncle Charette. "If you want to tak' her down to jail she go. She all dressed up. She go any time."

Now, you and I and all the rest of us know that this isn't the way a prohibition statute usually operates—and it isn't the way the authorities like to have it operate. And then, too, here was an old woman, who had never been away from home in all her life, who had grown up children, who had retired in that little kitchen there in the village of Fort Kent and had looked out through her little window at the passers and who had become one of the local landmarks. There wasn't a person in the village who wanted to see her go down to jail. Hearing in that manner, the justice said:

But there she and Uncle Charette sat without looking at each other. Everyone knew that Aunt Charette had money enough to pay the fine. Uncle Charette's name on the bond would keep her at home.

But Aunt Charette would not answer a word. And all Uncle Charette would say was:

"She tink she better go. She'll be all right. I'll kip house till she com' back. Wee tink dat tink wam, and we tink dat praps she better go down dere."

Well, under these circumstances the law had to take its course. The old couple shook hands at the platform outside the door. The husband got into the gray coupe and rode away behind the fast white horse. The deputy sheriff, after having raided Aunt Charette, rode over the side of his plane box buggy and started on the state-mile drive to Carleton, there to take the train for Houston—Lawton (Mrs.) Journal.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The report is out that Indian Agent Pollock has resigned and expects to retire May 1.

John Florer of Grey Horse, a trader, has had a store in the Osage nation thirty years.

The origin of the fire at Ponca City is not yet discovered, but it is believed it was incendiary.

They claim at Guthrie that the wind isn't lower and much there as it does at Oklahoma City.

It is said that I. N. Terrill, in the Kansas penitentiary, is in a padded cell, having some trouble.

Last month Dick Plunkett of Oklahoma sent President McKinley a Shamrock and received a fine letter in reply.

The new Masonic temple at Guthrie is now under roof and in architectural beauty is equal to any anywhere.

The Osages are believed to be the most moral of all Indians. There has been but one illegitimate birth in the nation in twenty years.

The Pabst Brewing company has given Ponca City two hose carts for its fire department and the council has purchased 1,000 feet of hose.

John Golobie, who got his start as police court reporter for the Guthrie Capital, a sort of register of deeds, is now running for register of deeds.

The public will wait for something else from Miss Roe, the poetess whom President Scott has discovered, with interest. Her poem, published in Sunday's Eagle, showed genius.

It is claimed for the Indians that those who are educated are the best penmen in the world. They excel at bookkeeping and in many Oklahoma towns are employed as such.

The Pawnees have fetiches called Magic Bundles. They are very odd. They are surrounded by great mystery. It is said that the Smithsonian Institution recently tried to secure one, but failed.

Recently a prominent married citizen of Stillwater and a young woman disappeared at the same time. There was a scandal, of course. In a few days the young woman returned. The man is still absent.

Under the organic law it is not permitted in Oklahoma for a young man to have a sweetheart in his home town. Most of the Sunday travel in Oklahoma consists of young men going to the next town to court their best girls.

The Hennessy Clipper has a new name for them. It calls them "twister holes."

Leslie Niblack, "Sly Oberlander" was recently kicked by his mule at bookkeeping when Sly has anything to say to his mule he will say it to his face.

Norman Transcript: A lady of Norman, who has been sick with the so-called sunstroke, recovered from the disease, but during convalescence has been greatly afflicted with boils—twenty-one large boils appearing on different parts of her body. From one boil on her back nearly three pints of pus has been taken, and the others have been nearly as bad. Boils are said to be worth \$5 each to the person who has them, but she would be willing to sell at a great discount. However, she is now recovering from the boils, and will probably have excellent health hereafter.

Mr. Mosier of Pawnee tells this story: An Osage Indian named Laboring Miles once called on a trader and the trader said to him: "Sick, Laboring?" "Sick, sick," answered the Indian. "Pretty sick, eh?" "Pretty near dead," said the Indian, and after a pause: "Looked up in the sky. Saw big light, like electric light; saw Jesus and Jesus' mother—pretty woman, heap pretty woman." The Indian then said his father appeared in the clouds and beckoned him to come.

"You ought to have gone," said the trader. "The next time you may not get to go to heaven." The Indian shook his head. "Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked the trader. "Not now," said Laboring Miles. "I want to kill one dash, dash, dash Indian I know before I go."

Along the Kansas Nile.

Brown of Pratt has formally retired from politics. He says he will not go to the legislature again.

I. P. Campbell used to be just as vigorous a Republican as he is now a Populist. That was what soured the Democrats on him.

The city jail at Cimarron is used to store corn in. It is better that the jail should be full of corn than full of men full of corn juice.

The scheme in the Seventh district now is to get both Duval and Campbell off the track and substitute a Democrat in the place of them.

The watch inspector of the Santa Fe is now traveling over the system testing the watches of the employees. This is done once a year.

The man at Topeka who as a "dry" candidate for county attorney was beaten at the primaries by a "wet," is howling fraud and wants a recount.

The city water works of Coffeyville, owned by the city, is now getting on a paying basis. The system has made \$1,000 in the last three months.

Mr. Graybill, the manager of Claude Duval, says that I. P. Campbell, the Populist nominee will withdraw from the race in favor of Mr. Duval.

The old wilderness style of politics has gone out of fashion. Bernard Kelly wouldn't feel at home at all if he should come back to the state.

Secretary Colburn of the Agricultural department, still continues to discriminate against Kansas papers in the matter of the publication of his reports.

The excitement at Great Bend this week was so great that the platform was packed by some one and has not been published, and probably never will be.

Up in Clay Center, Kansas, recently, a boy was struck by lightning. The lightning fell on his breast a picture of the cedar tree under which he was standing.

Governor Stanley has appointed Mrs. J. R. Hudson of Topeka and Mrs. S. R. Powers of Newton members of the Women's board of managers to the Pan-American exposition in 1904.

Miss Ruby Ethel Wilt of Wyandotte, sixteen years old, has married Dr. Suk Abdul Ahler, a lecturer from Calcutta, whom she met three months ago. It was a case of love at first sight.

Occasionally in Kansas Amateurs still appear "ferociously at home on the stage." The Abilene Reflector says that a lot of detractors of Funtun this week should be fought without bloodshed.

Rarely do men of I. P. Campbell's temperament make headway in politics, but Campbell has always been a man who always been such that when a reporter or a politician wanted to know where Campbell stood he could find out by asking Campbell, and he had many instances the politician has got an answer that shook his teeth loose.

The Wichita Campbells have always been strictly in it. Tiger Bill Campbell runs up the north prairie. I. P. Campbell has been a Populist candidate for congress. M. C. Campbell is a member of the State Live Stock commission; R. H. (B. J.) Campbell has been a Populist candidate for county clerk. George Campbell takes a hand in local politics. Charles Campbell is a Populist leader in the Fifth ward. W. Campbell was chief of police under Lord's administration. They are all unrelated.

Prairie dogs are becoming such a nuisance to cattlemen and farmers that an attempt is being made to begin a systematic fight on the creatures and kill them out in western Kansas. They are spreading rapidly, and eat the grass close to the ground, so that where there is a prairie dog town there is no grass growing for grazing purposes. They cut down corn, cane and millet. The best methods of getting rid of them are by poisoning with strychnine or by shooting. A good way to get rid of them is to dig out their burrows and stopping up the entrance. The gas is heavier than air and sinks to the lowest point in the burrow.

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